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THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER XXXV.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

After this friendly little bit of confidence touching his uncle's affairs, Roland prepared to depart. "I'll be sure to come in good time in the morning, Jenkins, and set to it like a brick," was his parting salutation.

Away he went. Jenkins, with his poor aching head and his harassing cough, applied himself diligently, as he ever did, to the afternoon's work, and got through it by six o'clock, which was later than usual. There then remained the copying, which Mr. Roland Yorke ought to have done. Knowing the value of Roland's promise, and knowing also that if he kept this promise ever so strictly the amount of copying was more than could be completed in time, if left to the morning, Jenkins did as he had been aware he must do, when talking with Roland—took it home with him.

The parchments under his arm, he set out on his walk. What could be the matter with him, that he felt so weak? he asked himself as he went along. It must be, he believed, the having gone without his dinner. Jenkins generally went home to dinner at twelve, and returned at one; occasionally, however, he did not go till two; according to the exigencies of the office; this day, he had not gone at all, but had cut a sandwich at breakfast-time and brought it with him in his pocket.

He had proceeded as far as the elm trees in the Boundaries—for Jenkins generally chose the quiet cloister way for his road home—when he saw Arthur Channing advancing towards him. With the ever-ready, respectful, cordial smile with which he was wont to greet Arthur whenever he saw him, Jenkins quickened his steps. But suddenly the smile seemed to fix itself upon his lips, and the parchments fell from his arm, and he staggered against the palings. But that Arthur was at hand to support him, he might have fallen to the ground.

"Why, what was it, Jenkins?" asked Arthur, kindly, when Jenkins was beginning to recover himself.

"Thank you, sir; I don't know what it could have been. Just as I was looking at you, a mist seemed to come before my eyes and I felt giddy. I suppose it was a sort of faintness that came over me. I had been thinking that I felt weary. Thank you very much, sir."

"Take my arm, Jenkins," said Arthur, as he picked up the parchments, and took possession of them. "I'll see you home."

"Oh, no, sir, indeed," protested simple-hearted Jenkins; "I'd not think of such a thing. I'd feel quite ashamed, sir, at the thought of your being seen arm-in-arm with one in the street. I can go quite well alone; I can, indeed, sir."

Arthur burst out laughing. "I wish you wouldn't be such an old duff, Jenkins—as the college boys have it! Do you suppose I should let you go home by yourself? Come along."

Drawing Jenkins's arm within his own Arthur turned with him. Jenkins really did not like it. Sensitive to a degree was he, and to his humble mind it seemed that Arthur was out of place walking familiarly with him.

"You must have been doing something to tire yourself," said Arthur as they walked along.

"It has been a pretty busy day, sir, now Mr. Galloway's away. I did not go home to my dinner, for one thing."

"And Mr. Roland Yorke absent for another, I suppose?"

"Only this afternoon, sir. His uncle, Lord Carrick, has arrived. Oh, sir!" broke off Jenkins, stopping in a panic, "here's his lordship the bishop coming along! Whatever shall you do?"

"Do!" returned Arthur, scarcely understanding him. "What should I do?"

"To think that he should see you thus with me!"

It amused Arthur exceedingly. Poor, lowly minded Jenkins! The bishop appeared to divine the state of the case, for he stopped when he came up. Possibly, he was struck by the wan hue which overspread Jenkins's face.

"You look ill, Jenkins," he said, nodding to Arthur Channing. "Keep your hat on, Jenkins—keep your hat on."

"Thank you, my lord," replied Jenkins, disregarding the injunction touching his hat. "A sort of faintness came over me just now under the elm trees, and this gentleman insisted upon walking home with me, in spite of my protestations to——"

Jenkins was stopped by a fit of coughing—a long, violent fit, sounding hollow as the grave. The bishop watched him till it was over. Arthur watched him.

"I think you should take better care of yourself, Jenkins," remarked his lordship. "Is any physician attending you?"

"Oh, my lord, I am not poorly enough yet for that. My wife made me go to Mr Hurst the other day, my lord, and he gave me a bottle of something; but he said it was not medicine that I wanted."

"I would advise you to go to a physician, Jenkins. A stitch in time saves time, you know," the bishop added, in his free good humor.

"So it does, my lord Thank your lordship for thinking of me," added Jenkins, as the bishop said good afternoon, and pursued his way. And then and not till then, did Jenkins put on his hat again.

"Mr. Arthur, would you be so kind as not to say any thing to my wife about my being poorly!" asked Jenkins, as they drew near to his home. "She'd be, perhaps, for saying I should not go again yet to the office; and a pretty dilemma that would put me in, Mr. Galloway being absent. She'd get so fidgetty, too: she kills me with kindness, if she thinks I am ill. The broth and arrowroot, and other messes, sir, that she makes me swallow, are untellable."

"All right," said Arthur.

But the intention was frustrated. Who should be standing at the shop-door but Mrs. Jenkins herself. She saw them before they saw her, and she saw that her husband looked like a ghost, and was supported by Arthur. Of course, she drew her own conclusions: and Mrs. Jenkins was one who did not allow her conclusions to be put down. When Jenkins found that he was seen and suspected, he held out no longer, but honestly confessed the worst—that he had been taken with a giddiness.

"Of course," said Mrs. Jenkins, as she pushed a chair here and another there, partly in temper, partly to free the narrow passage through the shop to the parlor. "I have been expecting nothing less all day. Every group of footsteps slower than usual, I have thought it was a shutter arriving and on it, dropped dead from exhaustion. Would you believe"—turning short round on Arthur Channing—"that he has been such a donkey as to fast from breakfast time? And with that cough upon him!"

"Not quite so fast, my dear," deprecated Jenkins. "I ate the paper of sandwiches."

"Paper of rubbish!" retorted Mrs. Jenkins. "What good do sandwiches do a weakly man? You might eat a ton-load, and be none the better for it. Well, Jenkins, you may take your leave of having your own way."

Poor Jenkins might have deferentially intimated that he never did have it. Mrs. Jenkins resumed:

"He said he'd carry a sandwich with him this morning, instead of coming home to dinner. I said "No." And afterwards I was such a simpleton as to yield! Sit yourself down in the easy chair," she added, taking Jenkins by the two arms and pushing him into it; "and I'll make the tea now," she concluded, turning to the table where the tea-things were set out. "There's some broiled fowl coming up for you."

"I don't feel as if I could eat this evening," Jenkins ventured to say.

"*Not eat!*" she repeated with emphasis. "You had better eat—that's all. I don't want to have you falling down exhausted here, as you did in the Boundaries."

"And as soon as you have had your tea, you should go to bed," put in Arthur.

"I can't, sir. I have got three or four hour's work at that deed. It must be done."

"At this?" returned Arthur, opening the papers he had carried home. "Oh, I see: it is a lease. I'll copy this for you, Jenkins. I have nothing to do tonight. You take your ease, and go to bed."

And in spite of their calls, Jenkins's protestations against taking up his time and trouble, and Mrs. Jenkins's proffered invitation to partake of tea and broiled fowl, Arthur departed, carrying off the work.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ELLEN HUNTLEY.

"A pretty time o' day this to deliver the letters! It's eleven o'clock!"

"I can't help it." The train broke down, and was three hours behind its time."

"I daresay! You letter-men want looking up: that's what it is. Coming to folks's houses at eleven o'clock, when they have been a-waiting and looking eve' since breakfast time!"

"It's not my fault, I say. Take the letter."

Judith received it with a grunt, for it was between her and the postman that the colloquy took place. A delay had occurred that morning in the delivery, and Judith was resenting it, feeling half inclined to reject the letter, now that it had come. The letters from Germany arrived irregularly; sometimes by the afternoon's post at four, sometimes by the morning; the only two deliveries in Helstoneigh. A letter had been fully expected this morning, and when the time passed over, they supposed there was none.

It was directed to Miss Channing. Judith, who was quite as anxious about her master's health as the children were, went off at once with it to Lady Augusta Yorke's, just as she was, without the ceremony of putting on a bonnet. Though she did wear a mob cap and a check apron, she looked what she was—a respectable servant in a respectable family; and the Boundaries regarded her as such, as she passed through them the letter in her hand. Martha, Lady Augusta's housemaid, answered the door, presenting a contrast to Judith. Martha wore a crinoline as big as her lady's and a starch-out muslin gown over it, with flounces and frillings, for Martha was "dressed" for the day. Her arms, red and large, were displayed beneath her open sleeves, and something that looked like a bit of twisted lace was stuck on her head. Martha called it her "cap." Judith was a plain servant, and Martha was a fashionable one; but I know which looked the best.

Judith would not give in the letter. She asked for the young mistress, and Constance came to her in the hall. "Just open it, please, Miss Constance, and tell me how he is," said she, anxiously; and Constance broke the seal of the letter.

"*Borcette. Hotel Rosenbad,* / *September*

"MY DEAR CHILD,—Still better and better! The improvement, which I told you in my last week's letter had begun to take place so rapidly as to make us fear it was but a deceitful one, turns out to have been real. Will you believe it, when I tell you that your papa can *walk!* He can Constance. With the help of my arm, he can walk across the room and along the passage; and tomorrow he is going to try at getting down the first flight of stairs. None but God can know how thankful I am; not even my children. If this change has taken place in the first month (and it is not yet quite that), what may we not expect in the next—and the next? Your papa is writing to Hamish, and will confirm what I say."

This much Constance read aloud. Judith gave a glad laugh. "It's just as everybody told the master," said she. "A fine, strong, handsome man, like him, wasn't likely to be laid down for life like a babby, when he was hardly mid-aged. These doctors here be just so many ninnyhammers. When I get too old for work, I'll go to Germany myself, Miss Constance, and ask 'em to make me young again."

Constance smiled. She was running her eyes over the rest of the letter, which was a long one. She caught sight of Arthur's name. There were some loving, gentle messages to him, and then these words: "Hamish says Arthur applied at Dove and Dove's for a clerk's place, but did not come to terms with them. We are pleased that he did not. Papa says he should not like to have one of his boys at Dove and Dove's."

"And here's a little bit for you, Judith," Constance said aloud. "Tell Judith not to be over-anxious in her place of trust; and not to over-work herself, but to let Sarah take her full share. There is no hurry about the bed-furniture; Sarah can do it in an evening at her leisure."

Judith received the latter portion of the message with scorn. "Tisn't me that's going to let *her* do it! A fine do it would be, Miss Constance! The first thing I shall see when I go back now will be her head stretched out at one of the windows, and the kidney beans left in the kitchen to string and cut themselves!"

Judith turned to depart. She never would allow any virtues to her helpmate Sarah, who gave about the same trouble to her that young servants of twenty do give to old ones. Constance followed her to the door saying something which had suddenly occurred to her mind about domestic affairs, when who should she meet coming in but the Rev. William Yorke! He had just left the cathedral after morning prayers, and was calling in on Lady Augusta's.

Both were confused; both stopped, face to face, in hesitation. Constance grew crimson; Mr. Yorke pale. It was the first time they had met since the parting. There was an angry feeling against Constance in the mind of Mr. Yorke, he considered that she had not treated him with proper confidence; and in his proud nature—the Yorke blood was his—he was content to resent it. He did not look to lose Constance eventually; he expected that the present storm would blow over some time, and that things would come right again. We are all too much given to trust to that vague "some time." In Constance's mind there existed a soreness against Mr. Yorke. He had doubted her; he had accepted (if he had not provoked) too readily her resignation of him. Unlike him, she saw no prospect of the future setting matters to rights; marry him, whilst the cloud lay upon Arthur, she would not, after what he had intimated his opinion and sentiments were; and that cloud could only be lifted at the expense of another.

They exchanged a confused greeting; neither conscious how it passed. Mr. Yorke's attention was then caught by the open letter in her hand—by the envelope bearing the foreign post-marks. "How is Mr. Channing?" he asked.

"So much better that it seems little

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

ICELANDERS IN CANADA.

A WINTER VISIT TO THEIR SETTLEMENT —WORK ON THE VICTORIA RAILWAY.

[Correspondence of Toronto Liberal.]

In pleasant weather, when the roads are good, the journey from Lindsay to Kinmount, the present home of the Icelanders in Canada, might be a very enjoyable one; but when things are in that state generally supposed to be peculiar to a stormy February, when the roads proper are drifted full from fence to fence and most of the travelling is done in the fields, and where, if your horse turns six inches out of the beaten track, he goes down almost out of sight in the snow, it must be acknowledged that, regarded solely from a pleasure seeker's standpoint, this trip has its drawbacks. It is not without redeeming features, however, and many of them too. Who cannot enjoy a ride on a bright winter morning, when, though the air may be keen, it is bracing and invigorating? Now you are winding through a little field that seems shut in on every side by towering pines, its white surface thickly studded with the stumps that mark the places where but a year ago trees young and old were growing and flourishing. Now you dart into the deep shade of a thick forest, and the sharp tinkle of the sleigh-bells wakes a hundred echoes in the long and lofty arched aisles over which the giant pines stretch their rugged arms, shutting out the sunlight, and only here and there revealing a bright patch of deep blue sky. Now you are swiftly threading a tortuous path through a thick growth of hardwood. Every tree, every bush, every limb, and every twig is closely muffled in winter's spotless ermine, as if to protect it from the frost's chilling embrace. Above your head and all around you are far reaching vistas fenced by fairy trellis works of frosted silver, while here and there a sunbeam transforms all it looks upon into burnished gold and diamonds. After a drive of forty miles from Lindsay, your general course having been a little east of north, you reach the brow of a hill overlooking the little valley in which Kinmount lies closely shut in by hills on everp side. The village is not by any means imposing from an architectural point of view, but it is very prettily situated on the line of the Victoria Railway, and will, no doubt, ere long be a place of much impor ance.

THE ICELANDERS.

The most remarkable feature of this place just now, is what is popularly known as the "Iceland Shanties." These shanties are four or five in number, and are scattered along the line of the new railway, the nearest being about half a mile, and the furthest two and a half miles from the rest of the village. The five shanties probably contain somewhat about three hundred souls, men, women and children.

WHAT ARE THEY LIKE?

This is of course, the absorbing question, but after all the information sought for by nine out of every ten who ask this question would be more satisfactorily and speedily given by telling what they are unlike.

Well, in the first place, they are not at all like the Esquimaux in any respect. They are not dark-skinned, nor are they particularly short-legged or broad-shouldered. They do not clothe themselves in fur to any extent, and they do not eat blubber, nor drink seal oil; nor have they been in the habit of using either the dog or the reindeer as we use the horse. They are not heathens, nor have they been for many years back; and, though shut out from the rest of the world to a very great extent, they are not at all ignorant of what has been going on. Of course, many will turn away from all this negative information with disgust, insulted that any one should suppose them so ignorant on the subject; but if the statements of some of the Icelanders themselves are worthy of credence, such information concerning them is just what many people require.

In general appearance they do not differ very materially from the Norwegians and Swedes, who have settled extensively in Minnesota and Wisconsin. Whatever difference there is, however, is in favour of the Icelanders. They seem to have a brighter, and at the same time more pleasant look than other Scandinavians. The Icelandic women are decidedly better looking than their Norwegian cousins, and vary much more in their general style of looks than the latter. On this side of the room is a decided brunette with finely cut features, dark eyes, and jet black hair, while on the other side is an equally pronounced blonde, with a plump white German face, flaxen hair, and blue eyes. Here is a tall broad-shouldered man, whose sandy hair and beard, bright blue eyes, and rugged, ruddy features might make him pass for a native of the "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;" and there is a man whom any one would take for an Orcadian. The general expression of intelligence and good humour on every countenance is something that cannot fail to strike the most careless observer.

HOW THEY DRESS.

The dress of the men does not differ materially from that of Canadians in similar circumstances. The material is about the same, but perhaps the cut of the Canadian's suit is a little neater than that of the Icelander's. The dress of the women has some distinguishing features to which it might puzzle a non-professional, and a man to boot, to do justice. The skirts are straight and narrow, and the waist of the dress is a closely fitting black coat or bodice, fastened in front with metal clasps, and over this is a loose cloth jacket with buttons of the same material as the clasps on the boddice. In many cases these buttons and clasps are of silver. On the head is a tight fitting skull cap of black silk, and from the top of this hangs a handsome tassel, bound together with a wide silver band, which is often tastefully engraved.

HOW THEY LIVE.

As already intimated, some three hundred men, women, and children are packed away in four or five shanties, and as might be supposed, they are crowded pretty closely together. Their food is the same as that furnished to other people working along the line of the road, with the exception that, being almost entirely unaccustomed to pork, they do not use so much of it as the same number of Canadians would, and in consequence their demands for beef and butter are somewhat heavier than they would otherwise be. Coffee, tea, potatoes and bread are, of course, all in demand with them, and their style of cooking does not differ materially from our own. Taking into consideration the fact that the shanties are still overcrowded (though they have been greatly improved by the railway company), it is almost astonishing that these people keep themselves, their children, and their apartments as clean and tidy as they do. It is the intention of the company to build some additional shanties, so as to make plenty of room for all before the approach of warm weather.

HOW THEY LIKE CANADA.

Of course there is more or less homesickness among immigrants during the first few years of their stay in this country, while memories of the home and friends they have left behind are fresh in their minds, and in the case of these people the conditions have been particularly favourable to homesickness. Coming to Canada as they did, at a season of unusual commercial depression, when there was little or no demand for labour, and many who were experienced in the ways of the country, eager to catch at any employment that was to be had, and when one of the severest winters Canada has ever seen was just setting in, it would be indeed surprising if the Icelanders should not suffer from homesickness at times. On the whole, however, they seem remarkably contented and happy.

The following conversation, which was carried on on the part of Icelander in a sort of broken English, which was much more defective in pronunciation than in grammatical construction, will serve to give a pretty fair idea of the sentiments of a young Icelander of twenty-two:—

Benedict Einarson—"The Icelanders in No. 6 say that if they are not paid for the time the teamsters' strike kept them idle, they will strike at once themselves."

Railway Official—"That would be very foolish."

"I think so too, but I am only telling you what they told me."

"You can tell them that we will always treat them fairly, but that they cannot frighten us by threatening to strike."

"The Icelanders are not greenhorns, as you think they are. That is one great mistake you make with regard to our people. We had all read of Canada before we came here, and we know more about the whole Dominion than most of our people do."

"I have no doubt your people are well informed. What sort of schools have you?"

"We have no schools for children, but their parents teach them. I do not see how it is that, with your good schools so many of your people can neither read nor write. We never would think of such a thing in Iceland. You have schools and newspapers, and yet many of your people know almost nothing of their own country, and nothing at all of our country. Some of our people think of going to Nova Scotia, and some to other parts of Ontario. I shall stay in Ontario; but the Government has not kept its promises with our people."

"What is the matter?"

"They said that all of us who could not earn full wages should be paid for what work they did. But now if a man cannot do a full day's work, the Company have no use for him, and the Government does not find a place for him."

Here a rustic politician ventured to make some remark about the Government, the effect of which was that, with it promising was one thing and performing the other; but before he had finished speaking, Einarsson turned on him contemptuously with, "You want to teach me about your country! Have you read 'Shakespeare,' 'Byron,' or 'Burns?'"

Dead silence.

"You people do not read your own books as much as we do. If a man cannot perform he should not promise. If you read your own books you would know how mean it is to lie."

By this time the rustic was totally extinguished and Einarsson pursued his subject. "If the Government agent makes a promise the Government should keep that promise."

"But if they are unable to keep the promises he makes for them?"

"They are able; God is the King of Heaven, but the Government is the King of the earth. You do not care for promises here as we do in Iceland. If an Icelander borrows twenty dollars from me and promises to pay me in ten days he keeps his promise, for if he keeps my money eleven days he has to pay me thirty dollars instead of twenty."

"That is heavy interest."

"No, it is not interest; he gives me one-half the debt extra because he broke his promise."

Einarsson was also of opinion that the Government should furnish a good interpreter, so that the Icelanders could make themselves understood

Einarson professes to be well acquainted with Jon Olafsson, the Icelandic poet, now in the United States. He says that Olafson wrote too severely against the Danish Government, and considered it unsafe to remain any longer within its reach. When asked his opinion of the King of the Denmark, Einarsson applied an epithet to him which, though unmistakably English, might not look well in print.

"Sigtryggur Jonasson," another young Icelander, has been longer in this country, speaks better English than Einarsson, and is much more guarded in his conversation. His manners are exceedingly affable and pleasant, and not at all unlike those of thoroughly cultivated Englishmen. Like Einarsson, he seemed to be exceedingly well informed in all matters of history connected with his own country, and conversed fluently and intelligently on all current topics of general interest. His answers to questions regarding his native country, revealed a thorough acquaintance with its affairs, both present and past.

THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF ICELAND.

Question—"Have you anything like our Canadian School System in Iceland?"

Jonasson—"No. Children are generally taught by their parents till they are able to read and write, and the parson always undertakes their instruction; and unless they intend to take a theological, classical, or medical course, he finishes their education so far as schooling is concerned."

Question—"If the student intends to take a higher course he goes to Copenhagen, does he not?"

A—"No; that was formerly the case, but now nearly all our young men are educated at Reykjavik. We have three schools there:—Classical, Medical, and Theological."

Q—"Are these institutions free to students?"

A—"No. It costs about eighty dollars a session, and the sessions are about eight months each."

Q—"Do students at the Theological School have to pay the same as those at the others?"

A—"About the same. If a young man is ambitious, industrious and very poor, he is generally helped through either of the schools he may select, but theological students are on the same footing as others.

Q—"What medical system is taught at Reykjavik?"

A—"Allopathy. There is very little of any other system in the country. A very few homeopathic physicians are to be found, but they are not very favourably regarded."

Q—"How are young ladies educated in Iceland?"

A—"They get a good Icelandic education in the country, and in the towns many of them are taught music and other accomplishments."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

GRAND ORANGE LODGE.

THE AMNESTY FOR LEPINE AND RIEL.

The following resolutions were passed at the recent session of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ontario East, held at Napanee on the 16th and 17th inst.:—

Moved by Bro. Wm. Johnston, D.G.T. of B. A., seconded by Bro. Wm. Henderson, G.D.C. of O.E.,

Resolved, 1st. That this Grand Lodge desires to re-affirm its utter detestation of the "wanton and brutal" murder of our Brother Thomas Scott.

2nd That since the last meeting of this Grand Lodge, the trial of Lepine for the murder of our Brother Thomas Scott has taken place, and from the evidence adduced at that trial this Grand Lodge is more than ever convinced, that the men who committed that murder were actuated by the most vindictive and cruel feelings, and carried out all the details of the murder in the most barbarous manner.

3. That since the Union Jack was unfurled on the Citadel of Quebec, there has never been a murder committed in this country, which called so loudly for speedy justice to be meted out to the murderers.

4th. That since the last meeting of this Grand Lodge, a Committee was appointed by the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, to enquire into the troubles in the North-west, and from evidence adduced at that enquiry, this Grand Lodge has learned with feelings of deep regret and intense indignation that the late Government of this Dominion considered it their duty to pay a sum of money which got the man—most guilty of all of the murder of Thos. Scott, out of the reach of justice, thereby shielding a rebel and a murderer from the law of the land.

5th. That the action of the present Government of this Dominion, in asking for an amnesty to Riel and Lepine, is deserving our severest condemnation; and believing that the effect of granting that amnesty will be to encourage the disloyal people of the Province of Manitoba in further acts of violence, and dampen the ardor of the loyal people of that Province, who have sacrificed so much for the flag they love; and believing that that amnesty was asked by the Government in deference to the *unjust* demands of the French Roman Catholics of this country, this Grand Lodge protests in the most positive manner against said amnesty.

6th. That this Grand Lodge equally as strongly condemns the Protestant, and especially the Orange members of the Parliament of Canada, who thought more of their party than of their country, and allowed themselves to vote for the Amnesty Resolutions introduced by the Government.

7th. That the position taken and the views expressed upon this question in the House of Commons by our Most Worshipful Grand Master, Bro. Mackenzie Bowell, M.P., is entirely in accord with ours, and this Grand Lodge heartily thanks him for the advocacy of our principles.

8th. That copies of this resolution be given to the press for publication.

HOW WE CATCH COLD AND HOW TO CURE IT.

Experience in catching cold is pretty universal, yet the manner of it and mode of treating it are less known. On a late occasion Dr E Symes Thompson lectured on this subject at Graham College, London, and afforded much useful information. He is reported as follows.

"This is a matter on which most of us have some experience, though it will be new to know that a philosophical description of that unpleasant phenomenon is not "catching cold," but "losing heat," cold or catarrh being occasioned by loss of the natural heat of the body, whether abstracted by getting wet, sleeping in damp sheets, or being exposed to currents of cold air. In a normal condition we lose by insensible perspiration through the skin a quart of water every day. Any sudden exposure to cold is liable to close the pores of the skin, inducing what is commonly called "goose-flesh" condition, and this quart of fluid not finding its natural outlet has to escape by the mucous membrane or inner skin of the body. In addition to continually giving off fluid there is a great deal of gas, which in a state of health also passes off through the skin, and it is the confinement of that gas which more especially gives rise to the phenomena which result from catching cold. It is the retention of that poisonous gas in the blood which gives rise to the characteristic feeling of lassitude, drowsiness and feverishness, and were it not for the provision by which it also is able to eventually escape by the inner skin the result would be poisoning and loss of life. The normal function of the mucous membrane is to secrete only the necessary lubricating materials; but when it has also to carry off the gas and fluid which ought to escape by the skin, every function of the body is disturbed. The first discomfort, is the increased escape of the fluid by the eyes, nose and mouth, which ought to pass insensibly through the skin; but the consequences of the cessation of its action are also manifested in rheumatic attacks, bronchial attacks, inflammation of the lungs, toothache, neuralgia, or derangement of the digestive organs, according to the predisposition of the person affected. While, worse still, active tubercular disease of the lungs is frequently set up by exposure to cold where predisposition to the disease exists After a description of the symptoms and the pathological conditions induced by cold, Dr. Thompson passed on the more interesting points of its prevention and cure. In regard to prevention, he deprecated too much fear of catching cold and the dread of the least exposure to cold air, as being very likely to bring about that tender hot house plant condition so favorable to inducing the evil one wished to avoid. Exposure to cold air, he insisted does not harm, except under the condition of its moving rapidly in a small space. Thus exposure to strong wind in the open air does no harm, while a Portuguese proverb saith with a great deal of truth, if you can catch cold from a draught through a keyhole you had better make your will. It was draughts coming with great rapidity through small openings which were so especially injurious. Living constantly in very impure air made people very sensitive to cold, and ill-ventilated bed-rooms had much to answer for in this respect. It was a mistake to suppose that night air, except in aguish places, was obnoxious. In London night air was purer than air in the day, and he advised every one, while avoiding a direct draught, to keep the bed-room window slightly opened. The effect of want of ventilation was strikingly illustrated in the case of horses. When left to run in the fields they were hardy, and did not suffer at all from cold; but coopted up in warm stables they become very sensitive to cold, and prone to serious and fatal affections of the chest. That was a lesson to us to keep our bedrooms cool and well ventilated. In clothing, the great thing was to vary the character and amount according to the season and weather, avoiding the extremes of always being swathed in flannels no matter what the temperature; or of never wearing flannel at all As a rule we might imitate with advantage in cold weather the example of Russians and Canadians, who were careful to put on very warm outer clothing when leaving the house and to remove it the moment they came in. Of the curative treatment what was called the "dry method" had once been in great vogue. This consisted of abstaining from all fluids for 24, 36, or 48 hours, and where rigorously followed at the outset, the cold was generally stopped. He would not, however, recommend this treatment to any but those in thoroughly good health, for in the delicate or the sickly the derangement of the vital organs, especially the liver and the digestive organs, by this abstentation from fluids, brought about evils more serious than the cold. Another method was the maintenance of a equable warm temperature, and where this could be done the skin was soon restored to a more natural condition, and the evil was relieved. The mucous lining, however, could be more rapidly relieved by inducing the skin to perspire vigorously, and if this was done at the outset the cold would be checked. This could be done by a hot bath; or very much better by a Turkish bath, for while in a hot water bath it was not possible to endure a greater heat than 100 to 103 degrees, in a Turkish bath a temperature of 150 to 200 degrees could be sustained without discomfort. Vigorous perspiration was in this way induced, the blood was drawn from the internal organs to the surface, much of of its impurity eliminated, and if the cold douche was avoided and the skin was got thoroughly to work, the patient walked away in an hour, and left his cold behind. All these methods would only be successful in the early stage of cold. The medical treatment of cold also had for its object inducing action of the skin. Spirits, though they lowered instead of raised the temperature of the body when erroneously taken for warmth in cold weather, were admissible in the form of a "night cap" for the treatment of cold. Mixed with hot water and nutmeg, spirits—rum especially—had great power of promoting perspiration, and therefore of relieving cold. The drugs having an analogous effect were either, especially when taken in small and repeated doses of two drops to a teaspoonful of water ten minutes; opium, of which some people took half a teaspoonful on going to bed, and after a heavy sleep woke up with a dry mouth and a tendency to headache, but free from cold. Camphor had great effect in putting a stop to cold; but some of the tincture was very strong, so that half a teaspoonful might produce a fatal effect. Sal-volatile, or better still, sal-ammoniac, was a very useful remedy for cold, as it promoted a glow on the surface and relieved that influenza like condition which was so exhausting and prostrating."

Music.

MRS. R. BENNETT ROBERTS, (Organist to St. Andrew's Church,) from the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, LONDON, ENG. Residence on Wellington street, next to the old Methodist Church. Mrs. Roberts is ready to take Concert engagements as accompan